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THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,
AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

(Published Every Alternate Saturday.)

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUTH.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

*But with all thy getting get understanding.—SOLOMON.
There is no Excellence without Labor.*


ELDER GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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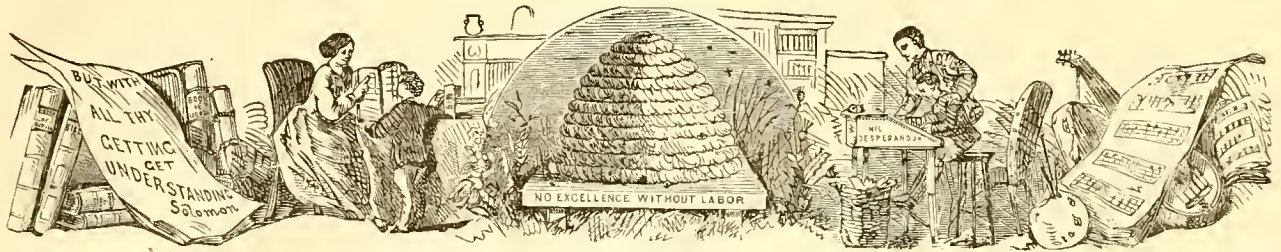
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD,



VOL. 9.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1874.

NO. 1.

AN EASTERN OMNIBUS.

AFTER reading the title of this article—"An Eastern Omnibus"—our readers, of course, will naturally look at the accompanying engraving, expecting to see a four wheeled vehicle of fine style, with prancing team attached, and a driver in attendance ready to cry out in lusty tones, "Take a 'bus, sir?" But no such handsome equipage is here represented. Instead, however, we have a couple of small donkeys with rather queer looking saddles on their backs, and two swarthy looking boys, dressed quite unlike any boys of our acquaintance, in attendance. These donkeys certainly bear no resemblance



to an omnibus, nor do we wish you to understand that they are so called, even in the far off east, in the lands we read of in the Bible, but if you were traveling in Syria, you would soon find that these animals are there made to serve the purpose of our omnibus, or coach, or carriage or even our street cars. This is why we use this figure of speech and call this patient donkey with his awkward saddle an omnibus. It may be said to be a patient mode of traveling, for, without doubt, it calls for as much patience on the part of the traveler as the plodding, much-abused donkey is noted for.

You must know that the

country in which this species of omnibus is used—the land of the ancient patriarchs, the region in which the many incidents occurred which we find recorded in the scriptures, is not the most smooth and pleasant to travel in that you could imagine; far from it. In fact it is so rough, rocky and uneven, and the roads are in such a bad condition that the most safe and pleasant and withal the most expeditious mode of travel there is by this same “omnibus”—on the back of a donkey. Nor is this kind of traveling new in that country, for we find numerous instances recorded in the Bible of travel by this means. Of this manner of conveyance a writer who has traveled in that country says:

“These animals are at every doorway and on every corner, their red morocco hunchback saddles shining in one’s face the moment he goes out of the house. The Egyptian ass especially is a somewhat philosophic beast. They never indulge him with a traveler alone. The donkey-boys form a class by themselves. They run behind with a heavy cane in their hands for persuasive thwacks at the exact moment when the little canter is about to break into a walk. Take the stick into your own hand, and the animal stops. He will drop into a dead plodding pace from which there is no starting him. For why should he trot or run? He cannot get away from the whip which he helps to carry. It advances as fast as he does. But he leaps miraculously when he hears that Arabic voice behind him, and knows his goad is in the hands of the driver in the rear.

“The first experience which a foreigner has of this method of conveyance, is exceedingly novel, not to say funny. A little insignificant animal, less than three feet high, is brought up in answer to one’s beckoning finger. He gets under your body in a curiously adroit way. I used to think the boys had a genius at inserting him in the exact spot under the centre of motion. When one’s feet, dangling six inches more or less from the ground, seem so close to the proper path, he instinctively raises the question whether it is not a contemptibly mean thing, and savoring of sheer imposition, for him to do, quite a grown-up able-bodied man as he is, to insist upon such a creature’s doing the work of moving on for him. But while he reflects he is off, for the donkey-boy, that unrelenting swarthy lad of fifteen years, has no scruples; flipping the black-silk tassels of his red cap over on the side of his head next the sun, jerking up his dirty-white linen trousers a new notch, he deals the unfortunate animal a dextrous punch in the sore he conveniently exposes on his haunches, and away you go. Fore and aft, the driver lets loose screams in Arabic to keep people out of the way of you. It remains no longer a question of magnanimity. So at last you put ahead, with only one frantic gleam of satisfaction in your perturbed mind, and shining on your hot face, that no one whom you care for is near enough to see what a figure you cut.”

WHAT A BOY DID.

HE was only a poor boy. It is the poor boys who always do things. Look over the record of great accomplishments, and see if you do not find that they were brought about by men whose boyhood was poor and discouraging.

He was only a poor boy, but he was willing to work. So he did odd jobs about home, and did them so well and so willingly people liked him and gave him more to do. As he could, he went to school. When not in school or at work, he read books and newspapers.

He had a liking for pencilings, and drew curious figures on his slate or on bits of paper at odd moments, and the more he

drew the more he liked to. His parents thought him foolish to spend so much time in making pictures, but they let him do as he chose pretty much.

By and by an architect, a man who makes plans of buildings, you know, and sees to the carrying out of his plans, advertised that he wanted an office boy. Louis applied for the place. (Louis was not his name, but we will call him so.) His application was granted. He took the place and did every duty faithfully.

Whenever there was a leisure moment, he busied himself with his pencil, and one day his employer noticed that he drew readily and set him to helping on a simple plan of some building. After that he helped all his spare time on the regular office work, and out of office hours he studied books on architecture, learning all he was able to of the various styles of cathedrals, churches, public buildings, dwellings and the like.

Other boys tempted him away, of evenings, and taunted him with being stingy, because he never spent money for beer and theatre tickets, and such other things as some boys delight in; but he went on quietly in his own way. What money he could save from his small wages he devoted to buying books, and before long he had acquired quite a little library. What he learned from the books, though, was of more value than the handsome books themselves. The pretty drawings they contained he studied over, dreamed over.

After one or two years, there was to be a new city hall erected in the city where Louis lived, and the authorities having the matter in charge advertised for plans. It was to be a very large and very fine building, and would cost a great deal of money. Louis heard his employer talking about it, and saying that he should prepare a plan, and hoped to win the prize of \$5,000 offered.

Louis thought he would try for the prize, too. How he did work. In the weeks which were given for preparation he gave every moment he possibly could to his ambitious task. He scarcely slept. Night after night he bent over the immense sheets of bristol board on which his plan was taking shape. He rubbed out lines again and again. He thought upon his work until his head fairly snapped with thinking. A good many times he was ready to give up, and often he said to himself, “How can I expect to succeed where so many older ones must fail?”

But he worked on until he finished his work. The large sheets were all covered with details of his plan, and all the figures estimating the amount of stone and lumber to be used and the cost of the whole were correctly made. Then he rolled all up together, in snug condition, placed his real name in a sealed envelope, marked with a fictitious name as the instruction said, and waited as patiently as he could for results.

The committee who were to examine the plans presented, when they met for such examination, found over fifty plans, some of them drawn by the best-known architects of the country. They gave each a careful scrutiny, went through all the estimates, and finally awarded the prize of \$5,000 to Louis Lisch!

You can imagine Louis’ feelings when the announcement was made. I will not attempt to portray them. And I will only add that almost any boy can succeed in whatever he undertakes if he will only work faithfully for success.—*Selected.*

EVERYTHING tends to produce its likeness; the idle make their associates idle; the libertine corrupts the innocent; the quarrelsome create broils; gamblers make gamblers, and thieves—thieves.

NAVIGATOR TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

WE have here a most beautiful picture, representing two officers on board of a vessel at sea measuring the angular distance of the moon from a star. Doubtless many of our readers are ignorant of the meaning of this or the necessity for such an operation. You have all learned, of course, that vessels at sea are supplied with compasses, the magnetic needles of which show the direction in which the ship is going by always pointing towards the north. Also that the officers can tell with tolerable accuracy, by reckoning, the distance sailed, and in what directions; but it would not do for an officer to rely solely upon this single means of ascertaining his locality, for if he were to the result would be likely to prove disastrous. An officer of a ship must be able to prove, by figures, after taking an observation of the relative position of certain stars and the moon, as illustrated in our engraving, just where he is sailing. If he is not competent for this task, he is not fit for the position of officer of a vessel on the high seas. "A ship once out of sight of land may truthfully be said to navigate the heavens rather than the sea;

for while dead reckoning and the magnetic needle may answer for short periods of cloudy weather, where there is plenty of 'sea-room,' only the stars can be relied upon to determine the precise position of a ship upon the pathless waters; and had the heavens about us been starless, the dangers of ocean navigation would have made it all but practically impossible.

"The most brilliant stars along the path which the moon describes in the heavens during its revolutions about the earth

are called "Navigators' Stars." If we regard them as the figures upon the face of a clock, and the moon as the point of a hand which always keeps correct time, we may easily understand, that though the stars are not spaced off as regularly as the figures upon the dial, yet a little practice will enable us to tell the time from this great, unerring celestial chronometer with absolute precision. From the knowledge thus obtained, the

navigator determines the position of his ship in longitude, or westward from any given point upon the earth, while the altitude or angular elevation of any star above the horizon to the north or south will give him his position in latitude north or south of the equator; and the position of the sun, taken at noon, will guide him with equal certainty."

There is perhaps no occupation more perilous than that of the sea-faring man; for we must know that there are times when for days, and even weeks, the weather is so stormy and foggy that there is no opportunity either by day or night for taking an observation. It is during such periods that the dreadful disasters happen at sea, the reports



of which come to us so frequently. The following instance will serve to illustrate the danger to which mariners are exposed at such times:

"The whaling ship, *Gleam*, while rounding Cape Horn homeward bound, from the Pacific ocean, encountered six weeks of stormy weather, during which no glimpse of blue sky broke through the gloom. At the end of this time the captain could only guess at his position upon the ocean. At length, a rift

in the flying cloud at midnight showed him the moon; and a hasty observation of her position among the stars told him that he was within a few miles of the island of Teneriffe and running directly upon its rock-bound coast. The ship was immediately hove to, and that prelude of danger, "All hands on deck!"—the tocsin of the sea—soon "manned the braces, and stationed every man at his post, prepared

"to fight,
In the wild midnight,
The storm on the mountain wave."

"Silently they waited for morning, and in the gray dawn, sternly looming above the clouds stood the peak of Teneriffe in the identical spot where the celestial monitor of the night before had warned them of its existence."

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

DESERTS THE SHIP—LOST ON THE DESERT.

I FOUND by others of the crew being too open and free in letting out their intentions, that they had been baulked in their undertakings; so I resolved to follow the old adage, "A wise head has a closed mouth," and kept my thoughts to myself. With my half formed resolution of taking "French leave," I went ashore on my first liberty day. My artistic fame had preceded me, and my ability was called into requisition soon after I landed. A large, heavily built German, who had been christened or had appropriated the renowned name of "Blucher" kept a paulpree or rum-shop, in one of the upper streets of the town. Besides keeping the rum-shop, he kept a rather good-looking Spanish woman, who cooked a good substantial meal, which was offered at a reasonable rate and brought plenty of customers to the house. Like all prosperous landlords, Blucher wanted a sign to swing above his door; but, alas! the artistic taste of Payta was at so low an ebb that they could not furnish a painter of any style or manner. Through one of my ship-mates, Blucher heard of me. He invited me to his house, and spreading an array of old brushes, cans of ship's paint, and a large piece of sail cloth before me, (a collection, he said, of many years) he urged me to proceed with his sign. Of course, for my reputation's sake, I "pitched in;" and by night time my patron had his sign floating, I should say swinging, over his door. The design cannot be described. There was a ship, a barque, a brig, a steamer and a pilot boat, mixed up with clouds, sea, a lighthouse and a promontory, without regard to the laws of composition, or perspective lineal or aerial; but Blucher was pleased with it when done, and so was I—that is, I was pleased that it was done.

So passed my first liberty day. I had no opportunity to look around; in fact, I could see no chance of deserting from the ship without getting caught. No one was to be trusted in the town, and the lonely plain looked awfully forbidding. My second liberty day was spent rambling over the town, and I returned on board the ship with my mind almost made up to remain on her another cruise. As yet none of the boys had "cut stick;" we all knew we would have three days; and all who intended to desert were holding back for the last day, or like myself, waiting for that opportunity to turn up that always does turn up at a time when our decision of action is either for good or evil. With me it did not turn up until the morn-

ing after my third liberty day. When liberty is given to a ship's crew, it is by watch and watch. One watch has twenty-four hours ashore, then go aboard and relieve the other watch, who take their twenty-four hours, and so on, until both watches have had three days each. It is customary for the captain's watch (the starboard) to have the first day. I was in the captain's watch, and on the morning after my last liberty day should have reported to the officer sent ashore with a boat, at day-light. It is usual for the boat to bring off the liberty-enjoying watch before the expectant watch are allowed to go ashore, but our men had been so prompt coming off that all suspicion of deserting was allayed. This morning the officers sent the larboard watch ashore in the boat that was to bring us off. Another reason for their doing this was that some five or six of the starboard watch had gone on board the evening before.

It was about seven o'clock, as I was walking with a heavy heart down to the boat to go on board the ship, that I met Mr. Barrett, one of the boat steersers. He accosted me in an angry manner, wanting to know why in the h---l I had not reported myself two hours before, saying the captain and mate would give some of us particular h---l for not being on board. He told me six or eight of our watch were missing, and that he and the third mate were hunting them up. When he met me he inquired where I was going. I told him to the boat, and that I had overslept myself. He wanted to know if I could tell him where my missing companions could be found. I told him yes; they were at Blucher's, I guessed. This was a direct lie. I stayed at Blucher's myself all night; in fact, was just from his house. No one else of our crew had been there. Barrett told me to hurry on board, while he went to Blucher's. We separated, he to find the absentees, I, as he supposed, to go to the boat. When he turned the corner of the next street, I also turned a corner. My mind was made up, my decision resolved on. Captain B—— should not have the pleasure of giving me h---l if I could help it. I would try my luck on the burning sands of those Puna plains, rather than bear the cursings of a Nantucket blubber-hunter. And so resolved, through by-streets and unfrequented ways, I struck out for the sandy desert. But I did not go far, some three miles, till, finding a little shady nook under the lee of a sand bank, I lay down to think and form some plan for my further guidance. Here I was, a deserter, in a strange place—on a sandy desert—surrounded with treacherous knaves, and no probability of the ship sailing for five or six days! I was not even certain of her sailing in that time. I knew I could not live without food and drink, but possibly I might venture into the town at night and buy provisions. But I had only twenty-five cents in money, and that would not go far. I thought Blucher might help me, but I did not like to try him. The only conclusion I could arrive at was, that without doubt I had run away. How I was to further manage, I must trust to Providence! So thinking and pondering, I went to sleep, not waking until the burning noon-day sun scorched my face. I felt thirsty, but dared not venture near the town. The few hours I waited for night seemed days; but like everything else, day had its end; and with the darkness of night, I cautiously approached the town. The moon would not be up before midnight; so the darkness would favor me! With my twenty-five cents I purposed buying a bottle of water and some bread, for my next day's sustenance; determining to try the sand hill again, judging that they would hunt for me in the town or a long way from it out on the plains. Between nine and ten o'clock I arrived in the town. As I passed through the dark

and silent streets I met few people and was recognized by none. As I neared Blucher's I could see the light from his door illuminating the narrow street, and could hear the voices of jovial companions within. There were three or four whale ships anchored in the Bay and a portion of their crews on shore enjoying themselves. One of the vessels, the *Leonidas*, of New Bedford, commenced giving liberty the day our ship did, and we had become somewhat acquainted. I lingered around the house for fifteen or twenty minutes when one of the crew of the *Leonidas* came out. I spoke to him and he informed me that several of the *Maria's* crew were inside. I asked if my chum, "Hank," was inside. He said he thought he was, and volunteered to go and tell him some one outside wished to see him. I told him to do it privately. This he did and Hank coming out was overjoyed to see me, yet half angry at my running away without letting him know of it. We walked down the street together, when he informed me that seven of our watch had deserted, and probably as many more would do the same from the other watch. He said the captain had offered twenty dollars for every man captured and that two-thirds of the inhabitants were on the hunt for us. The impression was, as I had rightly judged, that we were concealed somewhere in the town, as Barrett had reported his meeting me in the morning. Hank had been contemplating running away for weeks, but like myself was waiting for the opportunity. "And now," said Hank "it has turned up!" He had thirty-one cents, and proposed buying bread with it and advised me to buy a bottle of water with the money I had. And together we would start over the plains for the city of Piura. That we might not excite suspicion, we separated with the understanding of meeting at the foot of a large wooden cross, in the centre of the Plaza, in an hour.

At the appointed time, I was at the cross. The moon was up in all her splendor, and as I crouched down in the shadow, at the foot of that emblem of our Redeemer's faith, I earnestly prayed for His intercession in our behalf. I waited a long time for Hank, so long my faith seemed to weaken, as the shadow of the emblem shortened; but he came at last. He had some difficulty in getting provisions. I had no trouble to get water; I had only to go to a water seller and buy a bottle; it would cause no suspicion; it cost me all my money though, for a Dutch beer bottle holding a quart. Getting the provisions required a little maneuvering on Hank's part, and was only done by ordering a supper, paying for it, and coolly putting it in his pocket and walking off. With our water and provisions slung to us, we started on the road to Piura, forty-five miles distant, over the dusty, scorching plain, with no guide but an almost obliterated mule track, and this we lost a few miles from Payta. Using the moon as a guide, we traveled on at a brisk rate until about four o'clock. Judging we were about eight miles from the town, we concluded to take a rest and a drink of water. This was the first drink I had for thirty-six hours nor had I tasted food in that time. Hank was as thirsty as I, and very imprudently we emptied the bottle, thinking by noon we would arrive at the half-way house, a station, Hank had been informed, was situated half way across the plain. After our feast we lay down in a sand gully, and being very tired, it was not long before we were hard and fast asleep. It must have been eight o'clock when we woke, the sun shining in our faces and already scorching hot. We both wished we had saved a little of the water; in fact I felt more thirsty than the evening before. We could find no trace of a road or track! In all directions stretched the bare burning sand! We knew Piura was to the south east of Payta; so taking the sun for a guide, we tried to steer in that direction. Along about noon "old Sol"

poured down his rays like a flame of fire, and the sand was blistering hot. We both suffered terribly for water. I really felt at times as if I could not proceed another step! We encouraged each other and pushed along in hopes of reaching the station. The sand was very fine, and we sank ankle deep at every step, making it very fatiguing to walk. The hot winds from the Puna hills was as distressing as the burning sun, and the heat and glare from the sand was blinding. Looking across the plain, the mirage formed every sand hillock into a green isle, floating in a limpid lake to our fever-burnt eyes, and we kept pushing on all the afternoon, suffering intensely for a drink. When the sun went down we again crawled under the lee of a sheltering sand bank. We had no idea of the distance we had walked, but our progress had been necessarily slow, on account of the difficulty of walking in the soft sand. The darkness of night relieved us from the burning heat of the sun, but it did not relieve our minds of the gloomy sensation of knowing that we were lost! There was no denying it! Completely lost!! To go on in the darkness would be folly—to retrace our steps impossible! So we cuddled close together on the soft sand, worn out with our day's travel and soon forgot our troubles in sleep.

(To be Continued.)

A DIET OF LEATHER, IRON, FELT, ETC.—Some physiologist has been giving the results of some investigations and calculations in the field of diet. His statements are curious enough:

"When we pour milk into a cup of tea or coffee, the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hide, and which make it leather as distinguished from the original skin. In the course of a year a tea drinker of average habits will have imbibed leather enough to make a pair of boots, if it could be put into the proper shape for the purpose.

"A great many things go into the mouth. This is not an original remark. We have seen it somewhere. But it is an alarming fact. We drink, every one of us, a pair of boots a year. We carry iron enough in our blood constantly to make a horse-shoe. We have clay enough in our frames to make, if properly separated and baked, a dozen good-sized bricks. The man who carelessly tips a glass of lager into his stomach little reflects that he has begun the manufacture of hats, yet such is the case. The malt of the beer assimilates with the chyle and forms a sort of felt—the very same seen so often in hat factories. Still further: it is estimated that the bones in every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight months.

"To sum up, we have the following astounding aggregate of articles charged to account of physiology, to keep every poor shack on his feet for three score years and ten.

Men's boots, 70 years, at 1 pair a year,	70 pairs.
Horse-shoes, 70 years at 1 a month, as our arterial system renews its blood every new moon,	840 shoes.
Bricks, at 12 per 7 years,	120 bricks.
Hats, not less than 14 a year,	918 hats,
Mantels, at 1½ a year,	105 mantels,

Here we are surprised to observe that we eat as many shoes as we wear, and a sufficient number of hats to supply a large family of boys; and we float in our blood vessels horse-shoes enough to keep a span of grays shod all the while; that we carry in our animated clay, bricks enough to build a modern fire-place, and in our bones marble enough to supply all our neighbors with mantels.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE are some manifestations of pride that are proverbially excusable; such, for instance, as that felt by the boy of tender years, when he casts aside the girlish frock and petticoat, and dons for the first time the manly coat and pants. So also are we proud of the new dress in which we appear to-day, and deem that pride excusable. Our aim and effort has been to spread useful knowledge among the youth of Zion, more especially that knowledge, the most useful of all, which teaches man how to please his God, and to-day with these desires of doing good intensified, we enter upon our new volume.

Without any increase in our price, we have enlarged the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR from eight to twelve pages, we have increased the number of the engravings which adorn its pages, we have printed it on superior paper, and to the mechanical portion of its production given much attention. Nor have we neglected to take measures that the contents of the coming volume shall be of great value to all who love the cause of Zion. We have called to our aid the pens of some of our ablest writers, who from time to time will contribute to our columns. Having done this much, we appeal to all who desire to see the minds of our youth stored with the rich treasures of true knowledge and understanding to assist us and to add the weight of their influence in spreading the circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, until its pages shall be read and studied in every dwelling place of the Latter-day Saints.

MARKET DAY IN DENMARK.

BY J. N. S.

THE principal cities of Denmark are called "merchant cities," to distinguish them from their less pretentious sisters, the country towns. The merchant cities have certain special privileges, similar, I presume, to our chartered cities, as they have each a mayor, a city council, and an independent local organization. In each of the merchant cities there will be held a fair or market on some specified day, or days throughout the year, arranged by rule, so that the almanac, that great repository of intelligence, duly sets forth when market day comes for each and every city in the monarchy.

As this will be the event of the season, for each favored locality preparations are made before and, upon a scale of magnificence, to correspond with the interest of the occasion.

The public square or market-place is parcelled out by the authorities the evening before the day, to parties wishing to put up tents, or booths or awnings in which to display their wares, some little ground rent being exacted for the rights and protection granted. During the greater part of the night preceding the auspicious day, the busy tap, tap, of hammers can be heard, and when morning comes, long lines of canvas houses

can be seen variously ornamented according to the taste or the means of the occupant, but uniform in one particular, for each is surmounted by the national flag, the immortal Dannebrog, which, according to tradition, fell down from heaven upon a hard fought and still undecided battle field, when the sacred banner was immediately seized and borne aloft triumphantly to victory, by a brave and pious Danish bishop, who did not disdain to fight with worldly weapons. This beautiful tradition, whether true or false, renders the national color sacred to every true Danish heart. He would be craven indeed, who would be guilty of an ignoble act, with his glorious red and white cross streaming above him.

The day is ushered in with the sound of trumpets; and general rejoicing, and if fortunately there be no rain, all the citizens and the people from the country side, clad in their holiday attire will soon throng the streets where the utmost hilarity and good humor prevail.

The huckster is in all his glory, the most astonishing wares are exposed to view: not content with appealing to the eye of the spectator only, he proclaims the excellence of that which he has to sell with voice and gesture.

Everything that industry and ingenuity can produce, that will tempt a purchaser, is displayed to the best advantage possible. Music of various kinds and of good quality is heard proceeding from different parts of the grounds.

The wild beast show is at one end of the town and the circus at the other, while the lesser attractions, such as Tom Thumb and the giant, the tall woman, the fat woman, the woman with a beard, and other varieties of wonder, such as jugglers and mountebanks occupy different tents and stands duly advertised by flaming signs or hoarse criers. The hotels of the town are full to overflowing, and creature comforts are also dispensed at hastily improvised coffee houses. All kinds of drinkables are retailed at numerous bars, but there is not much drunkenness, and such a thing as an attempt to steal any of the numberless articles offered for sale, is quite unheard of. As the day advances, a shooting match comes off, closely followed by a horse race. The entrance to the race track is free to all, no one thinks of exacting pay, neither would it be permitted by the authorities. The horses of Denmark are justly celebrated for speed and endurance, the result, in part, of being so well groomed and cared for. Towards evening the young men of spirit begin to form into groups with a view to pass the night at the card table. This is one of the dark sides of the picture—the Danes are very fond of games of hazard.

The citizens prepare for the grand performance at the theatre, generally by some traveling company, sometimes a theatrical troupe from Copenhagen itself, where the legitimate drama is held in the highest estimation; or perhaps the play may be given by some company of amateurs; but should all these fail, the local company will not fail, and they are so well known that almost any one could tell each of their parents' names, and the occupation of nearly all their relatives.

Now the music is heard no more on the streets, but will soon commence in the dancing halls, which will teem with gayety and fashion.

The tents will soon be struck, the dealers will count their gains, and the poor tramp, the mountebank and others who obtain a precarious living by their wits, will be seen no more until they appear in some distant market town on another fair day to "strut their brief hour" in tinsel and painted glory.

PUNCTUALITY begets confidence and is the sure road to honor and respect.

THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

OUR Savior when on the earth had a pleasing mode of illustrating his teachings and explaining the principles of the gospel by means of parables, the actors in which were, as a rule, persons and things met with in every day life in Palestine, with whom the multitude who listened to his words were well acquainted. Our picture, which is a very truthful representation of men, costumes and scenery in the Holy Land, is intended to illustrate one of these parables, generally known as that of the "laborers in the vineyard." The particular portion of the parable which the artist has intended to portray in the engraving, our youthful readers will have no difficulty in determining.

The apostle Matthew, in his gospel thus narrates the circumstances which gave rise to our Redeemer putting forth this parable:

"And, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?"

"And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

"He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?"

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure

in heaven: and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

"When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?"

"But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

"Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?"

"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses, or

brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life. But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first. For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third



hour, and saw others standing idle in the marketplace. And he said unto them: go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them. Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny. And when they had received it, they murmured against the good man of the house, saying. These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good. So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen."

Selected Poetry.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas, good night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried, but in vain, for I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus';
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well why can't we pay debt as mamma did then,
And ask God to send him with presents ad-en?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more
Four little feet bounded out on the floor.
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
'Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!"
"Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some presents before it is 'light,
I want he should dive me a nice 'ittle sed,
With bight, shinin' 'unners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
And should not have sent them so early to bed.
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both their prayers.
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the staircase and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full of sweets to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed;
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bight shinin' 'unners, and all painted yed."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop;
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their bed they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
"Zen we dot up and payed dust as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our payers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

History of the Church.

EARLY LIFE IN THE VALLEY!

UNTIL saw mills could be built to run by water, lumber had to be made with whip saws, and many of the men were engaged in sawing through the entire winter. So anxious were the people to preserve the timber, that strict regulations were adopted respecting the manner of cutting it, and the Municipal Council decided that no person should build with logs without permission. Many supposed that the timber would soon be exhausted, and then the settlement would be in a bad plight. But when President Young returned in 1848 these restrictions were removed and the people were left at liberty to cut timber as they pleased. He had a better idea of the extent of the timber in the mountains, and had no fears of its speedy consumption. Many of the first settlers of this valley would have been amazed in 1847 or 1848 had they seen such piles of lumber brought from the mountains as are sold every season now, and have been for years back, in this city. Every year has brought to light new bodies of timber, and many of the people have gone to the opposite extreme, and seem to imagine that the timber resources of these mountains cannot be exhausted, judging by their recklessness in cutting and destroying this important element of wealth.

The public meetings through the winter were held generally near the liberty pole in the centre of the Old Fort. The mildness of the weather enabled the people to meet in the open air without much discomfort. A better and more commodious and warmer shelter was afterwards erected there, in which public meetings were held. Meetings were also held on Sunday and other evenings in various houses in the Forts, and efforts were made to keep up quorum organizations and meetings with excellent results. Notwithstanding the scarcity of food and clothing and the exposure and severe labors of the people there was but little sickness and few deaths. And a feeling of thankfulness was almost universal among the people to the Lord for bringing them out of the midst of their enemies, from mobocracy and violence, to this peaceful and healthy land, where they could dwell together as a band of brethren and sisters.

The farming land was fenced in one field, and the people were counseled to select their land as nearly together as possible. Care was taken to preserve the rights of the people to the water for irrigation purposes; and one of the first grants of a right to erect a saw mill was given to Brothers Archibald and Robert Gardner, on Mill Creek, with the provision that water for irrigation purposes should not be interfered with. To many of our readers it may be interesting to know what portion of the Valley was first fenced. On the north the line of fence commenced at a steep point in the bluffs just south of the Warm Springs—a little east and south of the present Bath House—and ran directly from there to the northwest corner of the Fort; it then started from the southeast corner of the Fort and bore east to some distance beyond Mill Creek, and then east to the bluffs at the foot of the mountains. The whole length of the line fenced, besides the Fort, was 3,638 rods, or nearly twelve miles. The land designed for agriculture extended from the north fork of City Creek—which at that time ran through the Temple Block and through what is now known as the 17th and 16th Wards—to one mile south of Mill Creek; on the east it was bounded by the bench and on the west by the east line of the Fort. In this space there were 5,133 acres taken for tilling. At the beginning of March 872 acres were sown with winter wheat, much of which was up and looking thrifty at that time. The

balance of the land, about 4,260 acres, was designed for spring and summer crops. The plows were kept busily running every month through the winter, the weather being so mild during at least a portion of each month, that the land could be broken up. This was a great advantage to the people in putting in crops. In March, 1848, the population of the city was reported at 1,671 and the number of houses 423.

A number of persons, among whom were O. P. Rockwell, E. K. Fuller and A. A. Lathrop, went to California in the month of November, 1847, from the Valley to procure wheat, cows, bees, etc. In May the two last named returned. They bought two hundred head of cows, at \$6 per head, with which they started from California, but lost forty head that ran back to California from the Mohave. They were ninety days on the homeward trip. Bro. O. P. Rockwell returned to the Valley in company with Captain Davis and some members of the Battalion, early in July.

Ancillotes of Painters.

UNDER this head we purpose giving a few sketches which we trust will prove interesting and instructive to our readers, as showing what can be attained in that most pleasing art—painting—by studious application, especially when combined with natural genius. We commence with a chapter from *Chambers' Miscellany*, on the celebrated painters:

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

CIMABUE was born at Florence in 1240, and while still a child manifested a taste for drawing. Happening to see the works of some Greek painters, he was affected by an extraordinary desire to study under them: his wishes were agreed to, and so diligently did he pursue his profession, that he soon excelled his masters. From his performances a school of art sprang up in Florence, which thus took the lead in the revival of taste. Cimabue lived to the age of sixty, and died in 1300. A notice of Cimabue interestingly leads to the history of his successor.

In the year 1276, in the town of Vespignano, about forty miles from Florence there lived a poor laboring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant-boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father intrusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd-boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day as the shepherd-boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveler. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature, that the traveler beheld it with astonishment.

"Whose son are you?" cried he with eagerness.

The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner.

"My father is Bondone the laborer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he.

"Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eyes flashed with delight. "I will go with you anywhere to learn that. But," he added, as a sudden reflection made him change color, "I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave."

"That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together," said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone at such a sudden proposal; but he perceived his son's wish, though Giotto was fearful of expressing it, and consented. He accompanied his son to Florence, and there left his little Giotto under the painter's care.

His pupil's progress surpassed Cimabue's expectations. In delineating nature Giotto soon went beyond his master, to whom a good deal of the formality of modern Greek art, which he had been the first to cast aside, still clung. One morning the artist came into his studio, and looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. Cimabue tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted.

"Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's talent, even though the frolic were directed against himself.

As Giotto grew older, his fame spread far and wide. Pope Benedict XI. sent messengers to him one day; they entered the artist's studio, and informed him of the pope's request that he should send a design for an intended church; for Giotto, like most of the artists of those early times, was an architect as well as a painter. He took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side, to keep his hand steady, and drew instantly a perfect circle.

"Tell His Holiness that this is my design," said he; and with all their remonstrances, Giotto refused to give any other. Pope Benedict was a learned man; he saw that Giotto had given the best instance of perfection in his art; sent for him to Rome, and honored and rewarded him. "Round as Giotto's O," became an Italian proverb. Giotto, as these stories testify, was a pleasant and humorous man.

The talents of Giotto won him the patronage of the great of his country. He visited in succession Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At the latter city he remained some time painting for the Prince of Este. While there, Dante heard of Giotto, and invited him to Ravenna, the abode then of the exiled Florentine poet. There also he painted many of his works, and formed a strong friendship with the great Dante. The poor shepherd-boy of Vespiignano was now in the height of his fame. Admitted into the society of the Italian nobles, enjoying the friendship of the talented men of his age—Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch—and admired by all, his was indeed an enviable position. He was, moreover, a good man, as well as great, loved by all his friends; and, as his biographer Vasari says, "a good Christian, as well as an excellent painter." He died at Milan in the year 1336, and was followed to the grave by the sorrow of his friends, his obsequies receiving those public honors which he so well merited.

WHY is a fashionably dressed lady like a careful housewife? Because her waist (waste) is always as small as she can possibly make it.

S. S. UNION REPORT.

SALT LAKE CITY, December 3, 1873.

Editor Juvenile Instructor;

By request, I furnish you a few items in relation to the monthly meetings of superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools held in this city.

From the date of my last communication, these meetings have been held regularly, and the attendance has steadily increased. During the Conferences, with one or two exceptions, every county has been faithfully represented. The interest in the Sabbath School cause has now grown to proportions approximating, in some measure, to its value and importance. The last Territorial report showed a large accession of both teachers and scholars. Some of the First Presidency, members of the Twelve, and many elders have visited these meetings and given excellent instruction—Elder George Q. Cannon presiding when his other duties did not call him from the city—exhibiting, in turn, the value of statistics, the importance of punctuality, order and courtesy, the necessity of the practical observance of the Word of Wisdom, the cultivation of a habit of reading good and pure books, the benefit arising from literary and other associations, for the mental improvement and for the inculcation of the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion in the young and tender minds of the rising generation, the cultivation of music, singing and every gift and grace that shall enable them to adorn the society of the Saints of the Most High, and become fitting representatives of those principles of salvation that have been committed for the last time to the children of men preparatory to a reign of righteousness and peace.

Last evening, notwithstanding a severe storm, an excellent representation of the different schools in the city wards was given and the reports of the several superintendents were highly encouraging, showing a large accession of teachers by following the suggestion of Prest. Geo. Q. Cannon, at a former meeting, to select names for teachers to be called by the Bishops to act in that capacity as a portion of missionary labor. The immediate and marked effect of this additional aid had been to cause enlarged numbers and renewed interest among the scholars, and a very pleasing and welcome stimulant to those previously enlisted in the good cause.

The necessity of a simpler catechism for young children was urged by Elders Geo. Goddard, H. P. Richards and a number of other speakers, and an invitation was extended to all interested in their welfare to contribute questions and answers in the simplest manner on any interesting subject calculated to arrest their attention and impart instruction in a pleasing and easy form.

Elder George C. Lambert made remarks in relation to the publication of the ninth volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, its enlargement from eight to twelve pages, with many proposed improvements at the usual price of subscription, and as a much larger circulation for the paper would be required in order to publish it without loss, he earnestly solicited the active interest of the superintendents of Sabbath Schools throughout the Territory.

Supt. Geo. Goddard, in behalf of the meeting, stated that the superintendents of Sabbath Schools throughout the Territory should respond to the invitation to secure, by their active personal attention, an enlarged circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, than which there was no better work published in the interest of Sabbath Schools.

He announced that Prest. Geo. Q. Cannon had obtained his seat in Congress as our delegate, and it was no longer a matter of faith, it was now a matter of fact. He invoked the blessing of God on his labors, which received a hearty response from all present.

Meeting adjourned to first Tuesday in January, 1874, at 7 o'clock p.m. at City Hall.

JOHN B. MAIBEN,
Secretary Deseret S. S. Union.

"An honest man to law makes no resort.
His conscience is the better rule of court."

Questions and Answers ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON XLVII.

- Q.—How were the judges elected?
A.—The people assembled in bodies, and cast in their voices for who should be their judges.
Q.—How did the people feel?
A.—Very much pleased because of this liberty of having judges from among themselves.
Q.—How did they feel towards Mosiah?
A.—They loved him more than any other man.
Q.—What was the cause of this great love?
A.—He had delivered them from bondage, and had established peace in the land.
Q.—Who was appointed chief judge?
A.—Alma.
Q.—What other office did Alma hold?
A.—The office of high priest.
Q.—Who conferred this office upon him?
A.—His father.
Q.—What was the character of Alma's judgments?
A.—He dealt righteous judgments, and kept the commandments of the Lord.
Q.—How old was Alma's father when he died?
A.—Eighty-two years.
Q.—How old was Mosiah when he died?
A.—Sixty-three years.
Q.—How long did Mosiah reign?
A.—Thirty-three years.

LESSON XLVIII.

- Q.—At this time how long was it since Lehi and his family left Jerusalem?
A.—Five hundred and nine years.
Q.—By what laws were the people obliged to abide?
A.—Laws which Mosiah had made and they had acknowledged.
Q.—What came to pass in the first year of Alma as chief judge?
A.—A large and powerful man was brought before him to be judged.
Q.—What for?
A.—He had been teaching doctrine contrary to the church.
Q.—What was the nature of his doctrine?
A.—He said the priests should not labor, but should be supported by the people.
Q.—What else did he teach?
A.—He testified that all men should be saved at the last day.
Q.—Did many believe on his words?
A.—Yes, and they gave him money.
Q.—What did he then do?
A.—He wore fine clothing, and began to establish a church.
Q.—Who did he meet as he was going to preach?
A.—Gideon, a member of the church of God.
Q.—Did he get any advantage over Gideon?
A.—No; Gideon admonished him with the words of God.
Q.—In what other place is Gideon mentioned?
A.—He was an instrument in the hands of God of delivering Limhi and his people.
Q.—How did this false teacher feel towards Gideon?
A.—He was angry with him and commenced smiting him with his sword.
Q.—Was Gideon able to withstand him?
A.—No; on account of his many years.
Q.—Did Gideon escape?
A.—No; he was slain.
Q.—What was done to his murderer?
A.—He was taken before Alma, to be judged.
Q.—What penalty did Alma pronounce upon him?
A.—He condemned him to death.

Questions and Answers ON THE BIBLE. HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON XLVII.

- Q.—After the waters were turned into blood, what was the next plague the Lord sent amongst the Egyptians?
A.—He sent frogs over all the land of Egypt.
Q.—Did the magicians also bring the frogs with their enchantments?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Did Pharaoh fulfil his promise to let the children of Israel go when the frogs were destroyed?
A.—No; he hardened his heart as the Lord had said.
Q.—What next did Aaron do, according to the Lord's command to Moses?
A.—He smote the dust of the land.
Q.—What did it become?
A.—Lice.
Q.—Were the magicians successful as usual in imitating Aaron?
A.—No.
Q.—What did they then say?
A.—"This is the finger of God."
Q.—As Pharaoh's heart continued to be hardened, what was the next plague the Lord sent?
A.—Swarms of flies.
Q.—Was there any distinction made this time, so that Pharaoh might know that it was from the Lord?
A.—Yes; there were no swarms of flies in the land of Goshen, among the children of Israel.
Q.—Did Pharaoh then give his permission for the children of Israel to go into the wilderness?
A.—Yes, only they were not to go far away.

LESSON XLVIII.

- Q.—What did Moses say to Pharaoh before he went to entreat the Lord that the swarms of flies might depart?
A.—Not to deal deceitfully any more in not letting the people go.
Q.—As Pharaoh hardened his heart this time also what plague next did the Lord send?
A.—A grievous murrain which destroyed all the cattle of Egypt.
Q.—How many of the cattle belonging to the children of Israel were destroyed?
A.—Not one.
Q.—What was the next plague?
A.—Boils upon man and beast.
Q.—What effect did the boils have on the magicians?
A.—They could not stand before Moses.
Q.—What was the next plague sent?
A.—"Hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous."
Q.—What did the hail destroy?
A.—Every living thing that was left in the field.
Q.—Who were preserved?
A.—Those that feared the word of the Lord, and caused their servants and cattle to flee into the houses.
Q.—What part of the land escaped from the hail?
A.—The land of Goshen, where the children of Israel were.
Q.—What did Pharaoh then say, after he had sent for Moses and Aaron?
A.—"The Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked."
Q.—What was the next plague sent, as Pharaoh still hardened his heart?
A.—Locusts, which covered all the face of the land.
Q.—What was the next plague?
A.—Darkness, which was felt.
Q.—How long did this last?
A.—Three days.

OUR JUBILEE.

WORDS BY MRS. E. H. GODDARD.
Moderato:

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

CHORUS.

FULL

Ac - cept the tribute of our hearts O Lord in praise to thee, Fill'd
with the joy thy grace imparts. On this our Ju - bi - lee. On this our Ju - bi -
lee. On this our Jubi - lee. Filled with the joy thy grace imparts On this our Ju - bi - lee.

We ask Thee Father now to bless
Our friends, who kindly strive
To teach the way of happiness,
The gospel truths to live.

That in that glorious Jubilee,
When Christ our King shall reign;
We all may meet Him gloriously,
And sing in nobler strain.

Correspondence.

WILLARD, BOX ELDER CO.,
November 20, 1873.Editor *Juvenile Instructor*.

DEAR SIR:—If it will not occupy too much space in the columns of your valuable paper, a few lines from this place may not be uninteresting to your readers.

I am happy to state that our Sabbath School continues to flourish, and the number of attendants still increases. On Sunday, the 16th inst., an examination was held, which many visitors attended, who were entertained with songs, accompanied with music from the organ of Prof. Evan Stevens, leader of the choir, and recitations, etc., from the pupils. Several young ladies learned and recited "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." Questions from the Catechism and JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR were also asked, and readily answered by the pupils; and the Ten Commandments were recited by the school in concert. Among the visitors was Elder Richard Ballantyne, of Ogden, who delivered an interesting address on the progress of Sabbath Schools in Utah, and encouraged all to take an active part in such institutions. During the past summer there has been an average attendance of upwards of one hundred and thirty scholars, the teachers apparently realizing the importance of being punctual in attendance and alive to their duties. The Sabbath School "Gazette," edited by some of the pupils and read every alternate Sunday, is made highly interesting by the articles contributed to it.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a Book of Mormon and a volume of Miss E. R. Snow's poems, sent as presents to Master Charles R. Ward and Miss Elizabeth J. Cook, by Brother B. F. Cummings, Jr., as prizes for essays written by them on the subject, "What should we be thankful to God for?"

Very respectfully yours in the cause of Truth,
JAMES J. CHANDLER.

ENIGMATICAL
CHARADE.

BY B.

I'm a literary character, of LANGUAGE a constructor,
But never was nor will be in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.
Not an ARTICLE in print appears but what my aid they use!
Yet, I never appear and never shall in the DESERT EVEN-
ING NEWS;
I'm always seen in the PLAY—in the BALL and MATINEE.
In every advertising PLACE and PLACARD of the day.
If I help to make a SCAPEGRACE, I take no part in dice,
In drinking, smoking, idling, or in any other vice.
So I'll help form a new CHARACTER if I am more KNAVE than
fool;
I'll make a SAGE—a MAN of mark—tho' I never was in school;
And, in CHRISTMAS week you'll see me, and hear me in
APPLAUSE,
In every WARD and PARTY, as they speak of SANTA CLAUS!

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